

A Soidier and a Sailor Sung by M^r. Doggett at the Theatre

A Soldier and a Sailor a Tinker and a Tailour had once a doubtful strife To make a maid
 a Wife Sir whose name was Buzom Jone whose name was Buzom Joan For now the time
 was ended when She no more Intendid to lick her lips at men Sir and knew the Sheets in vain Sir
 and lye o' Nights alone and lye o' Nights a lone.

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The Soldier Swore like Thunder,
 He Lovd her more then Plunder,
 And Sheold her many a Scar Sir,
 Which he had brought from far Sir,
 With fighting for her Sake.

The Tailour thought to please her,
 With offring her his measure;
 The Tinker too with mettle,
 Said he cou'd mend her Kettle,
 And Stop up evry Leak.

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But while those three were prating,
 The Sailor Shly waiting;
 Thought if it came about Sir,
 That they Should all fall out Sir.

He then might Play his Part
 And Just een as he meant Sir.
 To Logger-heads they went Sir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 A Shot twixt wind and water,
 Which won this Fair Maids Heart.

for the
FLUTE





Le soleil nous a laissé
Ainsi que l'heure de l'heure
Tout ce que j'aurai de bon
Qui va mal dans le vent

Le soleil nous a laissé
Ainsi que l'heure de l'heure
Tout ce que j'aurai de bon
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